

world, has been much more owing to that passionate desire of pleasing universally than to any intrinsic merit or sound knowledge I might ever have been master of. My passion for pleasing was so strong that I own to you fairly, I wished to make every woman I saw in love with me, and every man I met with, admire me."¹

"Lord Chesterfield's Letters to His Son form an important volume amongst English classics. The grace of his style, the brilliancy of his wit, the acuteness of his observation, the ability of his satire must gain for the author the admiration of all those who indulge in the pleasure of reading his work before proceeding to pass judgment on it. In the Letters, we have exposed to our view all the weakness of that artificial state of Society with which Chesterfield was himself environed. He lived among those who would have deceived him, and he became himself a master in the art of dissimulation. He adapted himself to his environment. With the immorality and the baseness around him he did not concern himself except to consider how he could best turn it to his own advantage. We may accept him as a type of the average courtier of his time with, how ver, much more ability than was possessed by the majority of his contemporaries, and endowed with a more than ordinary power of controlling his vices, a qualification which seems to have obtained for him merely the general condemnation of heartlessness. He lived amongst human beings degenerated, in the absence of correcting force, into preyers on their kind--among poli-

1. Lord Chesterfield's Letters to His Son, Letter CCLXI.